

Windsor Castle,  
IN  
A MONUMENT  
To our Late Sovereign  
K. CHARLES II.  
Of ever Blessed Memory.

---

A  
POEM

---

By THO. OTWAY,

---

*Dum Juge Montis Aper, stuvios dum Piscis amabit,  
Dámque Thymo pascentur Apes, dum Rose Cicadæ;  
Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudisque manebunt.*

*Sí canimus Sylvas, Sylva fuit Consule digna.*

---

London, Printed for Charles Brome, at the Gun,  
at the West-end of St. Paul's, 1685.

Windsor Castle  
IN  
A M O N U M E N T  
To our Late Sovereign  
K. CHARLES II.  
Of ever Blessed Memory.

---

A  
P O E M

---

By THO. OTWAT.

---

Dauid fidei Monitus Agere, furiosus dum Pileis amador,  
Deumque i hymno pascens, Agere, dum Rore Clandes;  
Semper Honor, Nominis trun, Landspas mandant.  
St amicus Selam, 2, hoc fit Confels digna.

---

London, Printed for Charles Brown, at the Gun,  
at the West-end of St Pauls, 1682.

TO  
THE IMMORTAL FAME  
OF  
Our Late Dread Sovereign  
**K. CHARLES II.**  
Of ever Blessed Memory.

AND TO  
THE SACRED MAJESTY  
OF  
The Most August and Mighty Prince  
**JAMES II.**  
Now by the Grace of God  
KING of *ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,*  
*FRANCE* and *IRELAND,*  
Defender of the Faith, &c.

This following POEM is in all Humility dedicated  
By His ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,  
*THO. OTWAY.*

TO  
THE IMMORTAL FAME

OF  
Our Late Dread Sovereign

K. CHARLES II.  
Of ever Blessed Memory.

AND TO  
THE SACRED MAJESTY

OF  
The Most August and Mighty Prince

JAMES II.

Now by the Grace of God

KING of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,  
FRANCE and IRELAND,  
Defender of the Faith, &c.

This following POEM is in all Humility dedicated  
By His ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,  
J. H. STANLEY



**Windfor Castle,**  
**IN**  
**A MONUMENT**  
**TO**  
**K. CHARLES II.**

**P O E M**

**T**hough Poets Immortality may give,  
 And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live;  
 How dare I touch thy Praise, Thou glorious Frame,  
 Which must be Deathless, as thy Raiser's Name;

But that I wanting Fame am sure of Thine  
 To eternize this humble Song of mine,  
 At least the Memory of that More than man,  
 From whose vast Mind thy Glories first began,  
 Shall even my mean and worthless Verse commend,  
 For Wonders always did his Name attend,  
*Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,*  
*Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.*

Great were the Tolls attending the Command  
 Of an ungratefull and a stiff-neck'd Land,  
 Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over blest,  
 Wou'd never give its Nursing Father rest;  
 But, having spoil'd the Edge of ill-forg'd Law,  
 By Rods and Axes had been kept in Awe;  
 But that his gracious Hands the Sceptre held  
 In all the Arts of Mildly guiding skill'd;  
 Who saw those Engines which unling'd us move,  
 Griev'd at our Follies with a Father's Love,  
 Knew the vile ways we did to him not take,  
 And watch'd what haste we did to Ruine make.

Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, on edge of  
 Lent to our Succour a Forgiving hand,  
 Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels thence arise.

Mercy's indeed the Attribute of Heav'n,  
 For Gods have Pow'r to keep the balance ev'n,  
 Which if Kings loose, how can they govern well?  
 Mercy shou'd pardon, but the Sword compell:  
 Compassion's else a Kingdom's greatest harm,  
 Its Warmth engenders Rebels till they swarm;  
 And round the Throne themselves in Tumults spread,  
 To heave the Crown from a long Sufferer's Head.  
 By Example this that God-like King once knew;  
 And after, by Experience, found too true.  
 Under *Philistian* Lords we long had mourn'd,  
 When he, our great Deliverer, return'd,  
 But thence the Deluge of our Tears did cease,  
 The Royal Dove shew'd us such marks of Peace.  
 And when this Land in Blood he might have laid,  
 Brought Balm from the Wounds our selves had made.

Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,  
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Then Matrons blest'd him as he pass'd along,  
And Triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng.  
On his each Hand his Royal Brothers shone,  
Like two Supporters of Great Britain's Throne:  
The first, for Deeds of Arms, renown'd as far  
As Fame e'er flew, to tell great Tales of War;  
Of Nature gen'rous, and of steadfast Mind;  
To Flattery deaf, but ne'er to Merit blind;  
Reserv'd in Pleasures, but in Dangers bold;  
Youthfull in Actions, and in Conduct old;  
True to his Friends, as watchfull o'er his Foes,  
And a just Value upon each bestows;  
Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend;  
The brave Man's Patron, and the wrong'd Man's Friend,  
Now justly seated on th' Imperial Throne,  
In which high Sphere no brighter Star e'er shone  
Vertue's great Pattern, and Rebellion's Dread,  
Long may he live to bruisè that Serpent's Head.

Though

Till



Till all his Foes their just Confusion meet  
And growle and pine beneath His mighty Feet.

The second, for Debates in Councils fit,  
Of steddý Judgment and deep piercing Wit;  
To all the noblest Heights of Learning bred;  
Both Men and Books with Curious Search had read:  
Fathom'd the ancient Policies of Greece  
And having form'd from all one curious Piece,  
Learn't thence what Springs best move and guide a State,  
And could with ease direct the heavy Weight.  
But our then angry Fate great Glo'ster seiz'd,  
And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd.  
For, oh! What pity, People blest'd as we,  
With Plenty, Peace and noble Liberty,  
Should so much of our old Disease retain,  
To make us surfeit into Slaves again!  
Slaves to those Tyrant Lords whose Yoke we bore,  
And serv'd so base a Bondage to before;  
Yet 'twas our Curse, that Blessings flow'd too fast,  
Or we had Appetites too coarse to taste.

Fond Israelites, our *Manna* to refuse,  
 And *Egypt's* loathsome *Flesh-pots* murm'ring chuse;  
 Great *Charles* saw this, yet hush'd his rising *Breast*,  
 Though much the *Lion* in his *Bosom* prest;  
 But he for *Sway* seem'd so by *Nature* made,  
 That his own *Passions* knew him, and obey'd.  
 Master of them, he soften'd his *Command*,  
 The *Sword* of *Rule* scarce threatn'd in his *Hand*.  
 Stern *Majesty* upon his *Brow* might sit,  
 But *Smiles*, still playing round it, made it *sweet*:  
 So finely mix'd had *Nature* dar'd to afford;  
 One least *Perfection* more, had been ador'd,  
 Mercifull, just, good, mild, liberal, brave,  
 Witty, a *Pleasure's* Friend, yet not her *Slave*.  
 The paths of *Life* by noblest methods trod;  
 Of mortal mould, but in his *Mind* a *God*.  
 Though now (alas!) in the sad *Grave* he lies,  
 Yet shall his *Praise* for ever live, and *Laws* be from it *drawn*.  
 In this great *Mind* long he his *Cares* revolv'd,  
 And long it was ere the great *Mind* resolv'd.

Till Weariness, at last his Thoughts compos'd, his  
 Peace was the Choice, and their Debates were clos'd.  
 But, oh !  
 Through all this Isle, where it seems most design'd,  
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for Peace to find.  
 The Elements due Order here maintain,  
 And pay their Tribute in of Warmth and Rain.  
 Cool Shades and Streams, rich fertile Lands abound,  
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.  
 But we, a wretched race of Men, thus blest,  
 Of so much Happiness (if known) possesst,  
 Mistaking every noblest Use of Life,  
 Left beautiful Quiet, that kind, tender Wife,  
 For the unwholesome, brawling Harlot, Strife.  
 The Man in Power, by wild Ambition led,  
 Envy'd all Honours on another's Head;  
 And, to supplant some Rival, by his Pride  
 Embroil'd that State his Wisdom ought to guide.  
 The Priests who humble Temperance should profess,  
 Sought silken Robes and fat voluptuous Ease;

[[ & ]]

So with small Labours in the Vineyard shown  
 Forsook God's harvest to improve their own  
 That dark *Enigma* (yet unriddled) Law,  
 Instead of doing Right and giving Awe,  
 Kept open Lifts, and at the noisy Bar,  
 Four times a year, proclaim'd a Civil War,  
 Where daily Kinsman, Father, Son and Brother  
 Might damn their Souls to ruine one another  
 Hence Cavils rose gainst Heavns and *Cesar's* Cause,  
 From false Religions and corrupted Laws;  
 Till so at last Rebellion's Bane was laid,  
 And God or King no longer were obey'd  
 But that good Angel whose surmounting Power  
 Waited Great *Charles* in each emergent hour,  
 Against whose Care Hell vainly did decree,  
 Nor faster could design than That foresee,  
 Guarding the Crown upon his Sacred Brow  
 From all its blackest Arts, with him now  
 Assur'd him Peace must be for him design'd,  
 For he was born to give it all mankind



By Patience, Mercies large, and many Toils, I nev  
 In his own Realms to calm intestine Broils,  
 Thence ev'ry root of Discord to remove,  
 And plant us new, with Unity and Love,  
 Then stretch his healing Hands to neighbouring Shores,  
 Where Slaughter rages and wild Rapine roars;  
 To cool their Ferments with the Charms of Peace,  
 Who, so their Madnes and their Rage might cease,  
 Grow all (embracing what such Friendship brings),  
 Like us the People, and like Him their Kings.  
 But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

For this Assurance pious Thanks he paid,  
 Then in his Mind the beauteous Modell laid  
 Of that Majestick Pile, where oft his Garg  
 A while forgot he might for Base repair.  
 A Seat for sweet Retirement, Health and Love,  
 Britain's Olympus, where, like a full Jove,  
 He pleas'd could sit, and his Regards bestow  
 On the vain, base, swarming World below.

E'en I, the meanest of those humble Swains,  
 Who sang his Praises through the fertile Plains,  
 Once in a happy hour was thither led,  
 Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.  
*There, Tell my Muse, what wonders thou didst find*  
*Worthy thy Song, and his Celestial Mind.*

'Twas at that joyfull, hallow'd Day's return,  
 On which that Man of Miracles was born,  
 At whose great Birth appear'd a noon-day Star,  
 Which Prodigy foretold yet many more;  
 Did strange Escapes from dreadfull Fate declare,  
 Not thin'd, but for one greater King before.  
*Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,*  
*Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.*

For this great Day were equal Joys prepar'd,  
 The Voice of Triumph on the Hills was heard;  
 Redoubl'd Shoutings wak'd the Echo's round  
 And chearfull Bowls with loyal Vows were crown'd.  
 But, above all, within those lofty Towers,  
 Where Glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,

Joy

Joy wore a solemn, though smiling Face,  
 'Twas gay, but yet Majestick, as the Place.  
 Tell then, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find,  
 Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

Within a Gate of Strength, whose ancient Frame  
 Has out-worn Time and the Records of Fame,  
 A Reverend <sup>S. George's</sup> ~~Dome~~ <sup>Church</sup> there stands, where twice each day  
 Assembling Prophets their Devotions pay,  
 In Prayers and Hymns to Heaven's Eternal King,  
 The Cornet, Flute and Shawme, assisting as they sing,  
 Here Israel's mystick Statutes they recount,  
 From the first Tables of the Holy Mount,  
 To the blest Gospel of that Glorious Lord,  
 Whose pretious Death Salvation has restor'd.  
 Here speak, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find,  
 Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

Within this Dome a shining <sup>S. George's</sup> ~~Chapel~~ <sup>Chapel</sup> is rais'd,  
 Too Noble to be well describ'd or prais'd,  
 Before the Door, fix'd in an Aye profound,  
 I stood and gaz'd with pleasing Wonder round;

1111

When

When one approach'd who bore much sober Gravity  
 Order and Ceremony in his Face;  
 A threatening Rod did his dread Right-hand poize,  
 A badge of Rule and Terror o'er the Boys;  
 His Left, a Massy bunch of Keys did sway,  
 Ready to open all to all that pray.

*This Courtous Squire, observing how amaz'd  
 My Eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,  
 Thus gently spoke: Those \* Banners rais'd on high  
 Betoken noble Vows of Chivalry,  
 Which here their Hero's with Religion make  
 When they the Ensigns of this Order take.  
 Then in due method made me understand  
 What Honour fam'd St. George had done our Land;  
 What Toils he vanquish'd, with what Monsters strove,  
 Whose Champion's since for Vertue, Truth and Love,  
 Hang here their Trophies, while their generous Arms  
 Keep Wrong suppress'd and Innocence from Harms.  
 At this m' Amazement yet did greater grow  
 For I had been told all Vertue was but Show.*

That

\* The Banners of the Knights of the Garter.



That oft bold Villany had best Success;  
 As if its Use were more nor Merit less.  
 But here I saw how it rewarded shinn'd.  
*Tell on, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find;  
 Worthy thy Song and Charles his mighty Mind.*

I turn'd around my Eyes, and \* Lo, a Cell,  
 Where melancholy Ruine seem'd to dwell;  
 The Door unhing'd, without or Bolt or Ward,  
 Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.  
 Like some old Den, scarce visited by Day,  
 Where dark Oblivion lurk't and watch't for Prey.  
 Here, in a Heap of confus'd Waste, I found  
 Neglected Hatchments tumbled on the ground;  
 The Spoils of Time, and Triumph of that Fate,  
 Which equally on all Mankind does wait:  
 The Hero levell'd in his humble Grave,  
 With other men, was now nor great nor brave;  
 While here his Trophies, like their Master, lay,  
 To Darkness, Worms and Rottenness, a Prey.

*\* An old life  
 in the Church  
 where the  
 Banner of a  
 dead Knight  
 is carried  
 when another  
 succeeds him.*

Urg'd by such Thoughts as guide the truly Great,  
 Perhaps his Fate he did in Battell meet;  
 Fell in his Prince's and his Countrey's Cause;  
 But what his Recompence? A short Applause,  
 Which he neer hears, his Memory may grace,  
 Till, soon forgot, another takes his Place.

And happy that Man's Chance who falls in time,  
 E'er yet his Vertue be become his Crime;  
 E'er his abus'd Desert be call'd his Pride;  
 Or Fools and Villains on his Ruine ride.  
 But truly blest is he whose Soul can bear  
 The Wrongs of Fate, nor think them worth his Care:  
 Whose Mind no Disappointment here can shake,  
 Who a true Estimate of Life does make,  
 Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end;  
 So to that Prospect still his Thoughts does bend;  
 Who, though his Right a stronger Power invade,  
 Though Fate oppress, and no man give him Aid,  
 Cheer'd with th' Assurance that he there shall find  
 Rest from all Toils, and no Remorse of mind;

Can Fortunes Smiles despise, her Frowns out-brave;  
For who's a Prince or Beggar in the Grave?

But if Immortal any thing remain,  
Rejoice my Muse, and strive that End to gain.  
Thou kind Dissolver of encroaching Care,  
And Ease of every bitter Weight I bear,  
Keep from my Soul Repining while I sing  
The Praise and Honour of this Glorious King,  
And farther tell what Wonders thou didst find  
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

Beyond the *Danish* \* Lofly Tower appears,  
Beauteous in Strength, the Work of long past years;  
Old as his noble Stem, who there bears sway,  
And, like his Loyalty, without Decay.  
This goodly ancient Frame looks as it stood  
The mother Pile; and all the rest her brood  
So carefull Watch seems piously to keep,  
While underneath her Wings the Mighty sleep,  
And they may rest, since \* *Norfolk* there commands,  
Safe in his faithfull Heart and valiant Hands.

\* The new  
Duke of N.  
Constable of  
Windfor.

\* The House.

But now appears the \* Beaupous Seat of Peace,  
 Large of extent and fit for goodly Ease;  
 Where Noble Order strikes the greedy Sight  
 With Wonder, as it fills it with Delight;  
 The massy Walls seem, as the Womb of Earth,  
 Shrunk when such mighty Quarrins thence had birth;  
 Or by the Theban Founder they'd been rais'd  
 And in his powerfull Numbers should be prais'd  
 Such Strength without does ev'ry where abound  
 Within such Glory and such Splendour's found  
 As man's united skill had there combin'd  
 To express what one great Genius had design'd  
 Thus, when the happy World August sway'd  
 Knowledge was cherish'd and Improvement made  
 Learning and Arts his Empire did adorn  
 Nor did there one neglected Virtue mourn  
 But, at his Call, from farthest Nations came  
 While the Immortal Muses gave him Fame  
 Though when her far stretch'd Empire flourish'd most,  
 Rome never yet a Work like this could boast

No



No *Chastity* like *Charles* his *Tomb* express'd, nor  
 Nor ever were his Nations half so blest  
 Though now (*alas!*) in the *fatal* *Grave* he lies,  
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and *Laurels* from it rise.

Here, as all Nature's Wealth to Court him prest,  
 Seem'd to attend him, Plenty, Peace and Rest  
 Through all the lofty Roofs, to be describ'd and find  
 The Toils and Triumphs of his Godlike mind  
 A Theam that might the Noblest Fancy warm,  
 And only fit for this who had perform'd  
 The Walls adorn'd with richest woven Gold,  
 Equal to what in Temples built of old  
 Grac'd well the Lustre of his Royal Ease,  
 Whose Empire reach'd throughout the wealthy Seas:  
 Fate which he wisely chose, when raging Arms  
 Kept neighb'ring Nations waking with Alarms  
 For when Wars trouble'd her soft Fountains there,  
 She swell'd her Streams, and flow'd in faster here  
 With her came Plenty, till our Isle seem'd blest,  
 As Canaan's Shore, where Israel's Sons found rest  
 There

\* The Paintings done by

† The Sieur Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.

Therefore when Cruel Spoilers who have hurl'd  
 Waste and Confusion through the wretched World,  
 To after times leave a great hated Name,  
 The Praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's Fame,  
 His Countrey's Father, through whose tender Care,  
 Like a lull'd Babe he slept, and knew no Fear;  
 Whom when he offended, oft would hide his Eyes,  
 Nor see, because he griev'd him to chastize.  
 But if Submission brought her to his Feet,  
 With what true Joy the Penitent he'd meet!  
 How would his Love still with his Justice strive,  
 How Parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive!  
 But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.  
 Since after all those Toils through which he strove  
 By ev'ry Art of most endearing Love,  
 For his Reward he had his Britain found,  
 The Awe and Envy of the Nations round,  
 Muse then speak more what Wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

Tell

Tell now what Emulation may inspire  
 And warm each *British* Heart with War-like Fire;  
 Call all thy Sisters of the Sacred Hills  
 And by the Painter's Pencil guide my Quill,  
 Describe that lofty monumental \* Hall,  
 Where *England's* Triumphs grace the shining Wall,  
 When the led captive Kings from conquer'd Gaul  
 Here when the Sons of Fame their Leader meet,  
 And at their Feasts in pompous order sit  
 When the glad sparkling Bowl inspires the Board,  
 And high rais'd Thoughts great Tales of War afford,  
 Here as a Lesson may their Eyes behold  
 What their victorious Fathers did of old,  
 When their proud Neighbours of the *Gallies* shore  
 Trembled to hear the *English* Lion Roar.  
 Here may they see how good old † *Edward* sat  
 And did his \* Glorious Son's Arrival wait,  
 When from the Fields of vanquish'd *France* he came,  
 Follow'd by Spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.

\* Where St.  
 George's  
 Feast is kept.

† *Edw. III.*

\* *The Black  
 Prince.*

In Golden Chains he their Quell'd Monarch led  
 Oh, for such Laurels on another Head!  
 Unfoil'd with Sloth, nor yet o'er cloy'd with Peace  
 We had nor then learn'd the loose Arts of Ease  
 In our own Clinics our vigorous Youth were nurtur'd  
 And with no foreign Educations curst  
 Their Northern Mettle was preserv'd with Care  
 Not sent for soft'ning into hotter Air  
 Nor did they 'as now from fruitless Travels come  
 With Follies, Vices and Distafes home  
 But in full Purity of Health and Mind  
 Kept up the Noble Vertues of their Kind  
 Had not false Senates to those Ills dispos'd,  
 Which long had England's Happiness oppos'd  
 With stubborn Faction and rebellious Pride  
 All Means to such a noble End deny'd  
 To Britain, Charles this Glory had restor'd  
 And those revolted Nations own'd their Lord  
 But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

And



And now survey what's open'd to our view,  
 Bow down all Heads, and pay Devotion due.  
 The Temple by this *Hero* Built behold,  
 Adorn'd with Carvings, and overlaid with Gold;  
 Whose radiant Roof such Glory does display,  
 We think we see the Heaven, to which we Pray;  
 So well the Artift's hand has there delin'd  
 The mercifull Redemption of Mankind;  
 The bright Ascension of the Son of God,  
 When back through yielding Skies to Heav'n he rode,  
 With Lightning round his Head, and Tunder where  
 [he trod.]  
 Thus when to *Charles*, as *Solomon*, was given  
 Wisdom, the greatest gift of Bounteous Heaven;  
 A house like his he built, and Temple rais'd,  
 Where his Creatour might be fitly prais'd;  
 With Riches too and Honours was he Crown'd,  
 Nor whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.  
 Therefore what once to *Israel's* Lord was said,  
 When *Sheba's* Queen his glorious Court survey'd,

The Cha-  
 pel at the  
 end of the  
 Hall.

To *Charles's* Fame for ever shall remain,  
 Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly Reign:  
 Happy were they who could before him stand,  
 And saw the Wisdom of his dread Command;  
 For Heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest  
 Of other Nations *Britain* should be Blest.  
 Found him when Banish'd from his Sacred Right,  
 Try'd his Great Soul, and in it took delight;  
 Then to his Throne in Triumph did him bring,  
 Where never Rul'd a Wiser, Juster King.  
 But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Thus far the Painter's Hand did guide the Muse,  
 Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse.  
 Two kindred Arts they are, so near ally'd,  
 They oft have by each other been supply'd.  
 Therefore, Great Man! when next thy Thoughts encline  
 To works of Fame, let this be the Design.  
 As thou couldst best Great *Charles* his Glory show,  
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large Scene may give Beholders Awe,  
 The meeting of a num'rous Senate draw;  
 Over their Heads a black distemper'd sky,  
 And through the Air let grinning Furies fly,  
 Charg'd with Commissions of Infernal date,  
 To raise fell discord and intestine hate;  
 From their foul Heads let them by handfulls tear  
 The ugliest Snakes, and best lov'd Fav'rites there,  
 Then whirle them (spouting venome as they fall)  
 'Mongst the assembled numbers of the Hall;  
 There into murmuring Bosoms let them go,  
 Till their Infection to Confusion grow;  
 Till such bold Tumults and Disorders rise, [ned Skyes.  
 As when the Impious Sons of Earth assail'd the threat-

But then let Mighty *Charles* at distance stand,  
 His Crown upon his Head, and Sceptre in his Hand;  
 To send abroad his Word, or with a Frown  
 Repell, and dash th' Aspiring Rebels down:  
 Unable to behold his dreaded Ray,  
 Let them grow blind, disperse and reel away.

Let the dark Fiends the troubled Air forsake,  
And all new peacefull Order seem to take.

But oh Imagine Fate t' have waited long  
An hour like this, and mingled in the Throng,  
Rous'd with those Furies from her seat below,  
T' have watcht her onely time to give the blow :  
When cruel Cares by faithless Subjects bred,  
Too closely prest his Sacred Peacefull Head ;  
With them t' have pointed her destroying Dart,  
And through the Brain found passage to the Heart.  
*Deep wounding Plagues Avenging Heav'n bestow  
On those Curs'd Heads to whom this loss we owe !  
On all who Charles his Heart affliction gave,  
And sent him to the sorrows of the Grave !*

Now, Painter, (if thy Griets can let thee) draw  
The saddest Scene that weeping Eyes e'er saw ;  
How on his Royal Bed that wofull day  
The much lamented Mighty Monarch lay,  
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a King,  
No terrour could the Lord of Terrours bring.

Through



Through many steady and well manag'd years  
 He'd arm'd his Mind 'gainst all those little fears,  
 Which common Mortals want the Pow'r to hide,  
 When their mean Souls, and valu'd Clay divide.  
 Had studied well the worth of Life, and knew  
 Its troubles many, and its blessings few  
 Therefore unmov'd did Deaths approaches see,  
 And grew familiar with his Destiny.  
 Like an Acquaintance entertain'd his Fate,  
 Who as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,  
 Not as his Gaoler, but his friendly Guide,  
 While he for his great Journey did provide.  
 Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind  
 To his poor mourning People left behind!  
 But that I fear will even thy skill deceive,  
 None but a Soul like his such goodness could conceive.  
 For though a stubborn Race deserving ill,  
 Yet would he shew himself a Father still.  
 Therefore he chose for that peculiar care,  
 His Crowns, his Vertues, and his Mercies Heir.

Great

Great *James* who to his Throne does now succeed,  
 And charg'd him tenderly his Flocks to feed,  
 To guide them too, too apt to run astray,  
 And keep the Foxes and the Wolves away.

Here, Painter, if thou canst thy Art Improve,  
 And shew the wonders of Fraternal Love;  
 How mourning *James* by falling *Charles* did stand,  
 The Dying grasping the Surviving Hand;  
 How round each others Necks their Armes they cast  
 Moan'd with murmuring murmurings, and embract,  
 And of their pining Pangs such marks did give,  
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.  
 Both their red Tongues quite lost the power to speak,  
 And their blind Eyes set in both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious Pencil next display  
 How round his Bed a beauteous Offspring lay,  
 With their Great Father's Blessing to be Crown'd,  
 Like young fierce Lions stretcht upon the ground,  
 And in Majestick silent Sorrow drown'd.

This  
 His Crown his Vertues and his Merits Heir

This done, suppose the Chaffly minute night  
 And Paint the Griefs of the sad Scandals by,  
 Th' unwearied Reverend Father's pious care,  
 Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a Prayer.  
 Of Kindred Nobles draw a sorrowing Train,  
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain;  
 How from each Groan of his, deriving smart,  
 Each fetcht another from a tortur'd Heart.  
 Mingled with these, his faithfull Servants place,  
 With different Lines of Woe in ev'ry Face;  
 With down cast Heads, swoln Breasts & streaming Eyes,  
 And Sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting Skyes.

But yet there still remains a Task behind,  
 In which thy readiest Art may labour find.  
 At distance let the Mourning Queen appear,  
 (But where sad News too soon may reach her Ear;)  
 Describe her prostrate to the Throne above,  
 Pleading with Pray'r the tender cause of Love:  
 Shew Troops of Angels hovering from the Sky,  
 (For They whene'er she call'd were always nigh)

Let them attend her Cries and hear her moan  
 With looks of beautiful sadness like her own  
 Because they know her Lord's great Doom is seal'd  
 And cannot (though she ask it) be repeal'd

By this time think the work of Fate is done  
 So any farther sad Description  
 Shew him not Pale and Breathless on his Bed  
 'T would make all Gazers on thy Art fall Dead  
 And thou thy self to such a scene of woe  
 Add a new Piece, and thy own statue grow

Wipe therefore all thy Pencils, and prepare  
 To Draw a prospect now of clearer Air  
 Paint in an Eastern Sky new dawning Day,  
 And there the Embrios of Time display;  
 The forms of many smiling years to come,  
 Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their Womb,  
 Each struggling which shall Elderhip obtain  
 To be first Grac'd with Mighty Jems his Reign  
 Let the Dread Monarch on his Throne appear  
 Place too the charming Partner of in there

They where'er she call'd were always nigh



O'er his thin wings let Fame and Triumph spread,  
 And soft Ey'd *Cupid's* Hover o'er her Head;  
 In his Paint Smiling, yet Majestick Grace,  
 But all the wealth of Beauty in her Face.  
 Then from the different Corners of the Earth  
 Describe Applauding Nations coming forth,  
 Homage to pay, or humble Peace to gain,  
 And own Auspicious *Omens* from his Reign.  
 Set at long distance his Contracted Foes  
 Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose;  
 Draw shame or mean despair in all their Eyes,  
 And terror lest th' Avenging Hand should rise.  
 But where his Smiles extend draw beauteous Peace,  
 The Poor Man's chearfull Toils, the Rich Man's Ease.  
 Here, Shepherds Piping to their feeding Sheep,  
 Or stretcht at length in their warm Hutts asleep;  
 There jolly Hinds spread through the sultry Fields,  
 Reaping such Harvests as their Tillage yields;  
 Or shelter'd from the scorchings of the Sun,  
 Their Labours ended, and repast begun.

Ram'd on Green Banks which they draw  
Singing their own Content, and Rulers Fraile  
Draw beauteous Meadows, Gardens, Groves, and Hedges  
Where Contemplation best may pass her time  
Fill'd with Chast Lovers, plighting Constant Plumes  
Rejoycing Muses, and encourag'd Arts  
Draw ev'ry thing like this that Thought can frame  
Best fitting with thy Theme, Great James his Fame  
Known for the Man who from his Youthfull years  
By mighty Deeds has earn'd the Crown he wears  
Whole Conquering Arm far cov'ring wondrous worlds  
When an ungratefull Peoples Cause he fought  
When for their Rights he his brave Sword employ'd  
Who in Britain would have his Rights destroy'd  
But Heaven such loss'd merit did reward  
(As Heaven in time true Vantage will reward)  
So to a Throne by Providence he rose  
And all who ever were his were his foes

Kingd

E